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BUCK'S ROCK CREATES

BUCK'S ROCK CREATES

A COLLECTION OF ARTICLES, SHORT SKETCHES, POEMS AND
PHOTOGRAPHS COMPILED BY BUCK'S ROCK CAMPERS DURING
THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST, NINETEEN FORTY NINE



GOING ON TODAY

9-10	LAMPS IN PRODUCTION Ceramic Production	{ PHOTO PRODUCTION
10-11	MODERN DANCE GROUP with BATJA	{ FARMING
11-12	Recording-Jacob and The Indians Big Tent	

LUNCHEON

2-3	1 ST Swim	{ CHORUS!!
3-4	2 ND Swim	
4-5	Tennis Instruction	{ Senior Life Saving } ORCHESTRA

SUPPER

7-8	ARCHERY	{ Tournaments
8-9	□ (SQUAR) ○ + ◇ Dancing (□ to)	

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A WORD FROM ERNST

You have started your year book with the caption "Buck's Rock Creates". You might ask yourself: "What is creative art?" There are many answers to this question, many controversial ones. But there is one thing we do know: We know that creative art is as old as the human race and that it answers an inner need in man as vital as life itself. Never in the history of mankind has any people - even the simplest tribe however primitive, however unaware of even the most basic conceptions - gone without some form of creative expression.

Why, we may ask ourselves, is this desire to create so powerful so urgent, so vital a drive? Because, we might say, it is our answer to the indescribable splendor, the vibrating mystery of creation itself; it is the expression of our reaction to the beauty to the pain, to the wonder of life itself. Surely, each of you has touched a leaf of grass, each of you has listened to the sound of a bird in the woods, each of you has marvelled at the mysterious beauty of a flower. And you have said: How can I capture and preserve the emotions that all this has aroused in me? If you are a poet, you will capture it in terms of rhythm and words; if you are a painter, you will seek to preserve it in color, if a sculptor in form. If you are a musician, you will discover it in terms of melody and sound.

It is the aim, the desire of Buck's Rock to pave the way for you, to help you find an answer for your inner need for expression. We want to make you feel that even the promise of an answer is a rich and rewarding experience. Your year book "Buck's Rock Creates" is a gratifying proof of your response to these efforts and we know that this is only the beginning of a great and exciting adventure for you in the world of creative art. In the years to come, you may experience many emotions aroused by many things: objects, ideas, relationships, nature and if you have in you the power to make these emotions a permanent part of you, or even better share this enriching experience with others through your ability to impart it, then you are indeed blessed by creative power and you will find that this is one way - there are many others - to experience one of the greatest feelings man is capable of: The feeling of the great communion of all men, the feeling that you are part of the eternal continuity of mankind, that you are one with those who have lived before you and with those who will ever walk the face of the earth.

James Elroy Flecker, an English poet, who died in 1915 expresses this idea of continuity in his poem: "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence":

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet english tongue
Read out my words at night alone,
I was a poet; I was young.

Since I can never see your face
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.

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OUR FARM AND ANIMALS

There were no Buck's Rock-Junior Farmers in camp this year since there were very few outside farm jobs. We were all known as Buck's Rock Campers. A great amount of work was done on our own farm. Each morning under the Oak Tree, a crew of willing workers met with Lloyd Bergen, our farming counsellor, to plan the day's work.

The types of work ranged from cultivating and weeding to brushing Japanese beetles into oil cans and picking vegetables. Rhoda Levine, George Papanek, Bob Carey, and Pete Schwartzmann supervised in the various fields where tomatoes, beans, cabbage, kale, cucumbers, and beets were grown.

An equally important phase of farm experience this year at Buck's Rock was the caring for and feeding of our animals. At the beginning of the season, the camp purchased several pigs, hens, rabbits, goats (Baby, Nanny, Billy), and lambs (Tillie and Emily).

During the summer, our cow Mutiny was bought. Later, at an auction in Wingdale, New York, three calves (Eddie Cantor, Victory, and Great Expectations) were acquired . On all occasions the campers were urged to go along to learn how farm animals are judged, bought, and sold.

The members of the animal committee had experience in milking the cow and goat. Agricultural seminars were given in the new laboratory. Mutiny's milk was used for making cheese and butter. This was a new undertaking.

At the festival our farm products were sold to parents and visitors from New Milford. A cow, a sheep, a calf, two rabbits, two hens, and two goats were exhibited. At the end of the camp season, the animals were all sold.

Our farm provided valuable experiences for us in two ways. It revealed many of the problems that farmers must face. It also gave many of us an opportunity to earn money. Many of us had never felt the satisfaction which comes from this kind of recognition of work.

In general, our farm had a very successful season. Although most of the northeastern part of the country suffered from drought, we were fortunate to have an especially fine crop.

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SHOPS AND PRODUCTION

This year more than ever, the shops have played an important part in the life of a Buck's Rock camper. The Photography shop, under the supervision of Bill Cotton, has had numerous field trips. They have also had two exhibits. The first one consisted of postcards of the past and those produced this year. In the second exhibit, all the outstanding pictures of this year were displayed.

Ceramics have fascinated people for hundreds of years and the campers of Buck's Rock are no exception. With Harold Loren's help the camp has produced such articles as tiles, bowls, dishes, and statuettes. Some of the articles have been "mass" produced and sold to the campers and their parents.

The art shop has planned an interesting as well as profitable program. Dave and Joan, the art counsellors, have given their guiding hands to all who wished help. They have had field trips and numerous exhibits of the paintings which have been made this

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summer. They have also made articles for production such as scarves, aprons, and bookplates.

The woodshop under Fred Boucher's supervision has given our campers much leeway for individual accomplishments. The people in the woodshop have made lamps and picture frames for production.

Janet directed activities this summer in the weaving shop. The campers have made table mats and belts.

One of the finest attributes of our shops is that they cooperate with one another. The shops have had joint production in such items as picture frames with tiles and trays with tiles. The art shop and the photo shop were both involved in the production of this book.

The shop committee elected this year has tried to teach the elements of design as a means of producing better articles in the shops. The committee has also helped to select the products that have been produced. We feel that participation in the shops has helped us to have a well rounded and enjoyable summer.

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SPORTS AT BUCK'S ROCK



At Buck's Rock, we believe that a well rounded sports program is essential to a work camp.

Lillian Cole, our counsellor in charge of athletics, arranged for a series of baseball, basketball, ping pong, badminton, volleyball and tennis tournaments.

Our baseball and basketball teams played many games with teams

from New Milford. Some of these games were played in camp and some were played in town.

John Lincoln, our counsellor in charge of swimming, gave instruction and provided testing for Junior and Senior Life Saving awards.

Phil Segura has made riding one of the most popular sports at camp. His instruction has helped many of our campers to become fine riders. The summer's achievement in riding was presented in a horse show at the festival.

Many of us improved our marksmanship on the rifle range under the able guidance of John Lincoln.

Almost every evening after supper, archery practice and instruction was given. At the end of the summer it was evident that most of the campers had improved their skill.

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MUSIC WE MADE THIS SUMMER

Three cheers and many thanks to Rho Barrett. The orchestra this season accomplished more than can be imagined. An evening concert was presented from the bandstand in New Milford. Three radio programs were broadcast. With their theme song "Marching to Pretoria" they traveled the countryside.



An important part of their program this year was the vocalists. Their pleasant voices carried over the air to such distant places as New York City.

With the use of tape recordings, records were made of the more popular songs to be sold to the campers. We feel that great progress has been made in the appreciation of music when a camp of one-hundred and thirtythree boys and girls can claim twenty-five orchestra members.

A new undertaking at Buck's Rock this year was the chorus. With George Papanek as leader, a chorus of twentyfive people was formed. Divided into four singing groups, soprano, tenor, and bass, they sang early American songs, folk songs, and rounds.

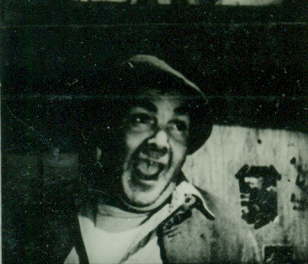
A short program was presented at a campfire and at the festival a more varied group of songs was heard. We feel that because of the fine start made this year, the chorus will play an increasingly important part in the activities of Buck's Rock in future years.

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MOVIES WE SAW THIS SUMMER

EUGENE O'NEILL'S
THE
LONG VOYAGE
HOME

CAST OF CHARACTERS:
Olsen . . . JOHN WAYNE
Driscoll . . . THOMAS MITCHELL
Smitty . . . IAN HUNTER
Cocky . . . BARRY FITZGERALD
Captain . . . WILFRID LAWSON
Axel . . . JOHN QUALEN
Frede . . . MILDRED NATWICK
Yank . . . WARD BOND
Donkeyman . . . ARTHUR SHIELDS
Davis . . . JOSEPH SAWYER
Crimp . . . J. M. KERRIGAN



THE END

Great care is always taken in choosing our movie program for the season at Buck's Rock Work Camp. This year we had a wide variety of excellent feature films and shorts.

Our first program was "A Star Is Born" starring Fredric March and Janet Gayner.

On July 20, for our second film, we saw the comedy "Ruggles of Red Gap" starring Charles Laughton. Thunder and lightning from a storm accompanied the recitation of the Gettysburg Address.

"The History of American Film Comedy" was a collection of movies showing the development of American comedy from 1900 to 1929. The films shown were:

Short; "The Doctor's Secret"
George Melies-1900

Short; "His Bitter Pill"
Mack Sennet-1916

Feature; "The Freshman"
Harold Lloyd-1925

John Wayne and Thomas Mitchell starred in "The Long Voyage Home", a movie taken from five one-act plays about the sea by Eugen O'Neil.

An interesting short "H₂O" and the feature "Stairway to Heaven" with Raymond Massey and David Niven were also presented.

On August 17, we saw "Monkey Into Man" and the mystery "The Lady Vanishes!"

For our last program we saw the short "The Private Life of a Cat" and the feature "Of Mice And Men" written by John Steinbeck.

This year, with the aid of George Amberg and Bill Cotton, we had many interesting discussions on the development of movies and the qualities of the films we saw. Because of these discussions and the films seen, many campers left Buck's Rock with a better idea of what movies to see and why.

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THEATRE RADIO PUPPETS

We were very pleased to have George Amberg with us this year. His many years of experience in the theatre helped to enrich the dramatic productions of the summer.

The first radio play presented to the camp was "Sometime Every Summertime" by Fletcher Markle. It was recorded and played over the public address system.

The second play was a radio dramatization of Stephen Vincent Benet's short story "Jacob and the Indians". It was adapted for radio by George and Gisela Amberg and Bill Cotton. This was recorded and presented in the same manner. The newly formed choral speaking group took part in this play after having given a successful performance of excerpts from "The People Yes" by Carl Sandburg.

The Farmhouse Girls wrote and produced their own puppet play. Nine hand puppets were made and scenery was painted in the art shop. The stage was built in the wood shop. The name of the play was "The Big Secret". It was performed at the festival.

Many interesting discussion groups on the theatre were held. Specific plays, acting, play writing, and the history of the theatre were among the topics discussed.

After several weeks of debate, "The Devil's Disciple" by George Bernard Shaw was chosen as the Festival Play. All hands responded to the call for actors, stagehands, and costumers. The performance was a huge success.

Quotation from
"The Devil's Disciple":

And now, General
time presses; and
America is in a
hurry. Have you
realized that
though you may oc-
cupy towns and win
battles, you can-
not conquer a na-
tion,





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MY KIND OF A LIFE

When I grow a little too old to work,
But a little too young to die,
I'll settle down in my kind of a town
To gaze at my kind of a sky.

I'll dream all the day, my kind of a dream,
And relive each sorrow and joy,
And love all I can my kind of a man
Who was once my kind of a boy.

When I grow a little too old to walk,
And have suffered all torment and pain,
I'll sail with the foam to my kind of a home,
And there I shall ever remain.

NIGHT

A young girl sobs as though her heart would break;
An old man wearily lays down his plow;
Sweethearts stroll hand in hand along a dark
 wooded path;
An old woman weeps silently over her dead son's
 photograph;
Two children play in a hayloft, sliding, fighting,
 laughing;
An elderly couple sits in front of a blazing
 fire - remembering;
A tomcat howls in the distance;
The moon looks down on all, unmoved.

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FIRE

A heap of sticks, dead branches;
A sulfur-tipped splinter;
Friction.
A weak blue tongue; a spark;
A smoldering piece of wood
A burst of flame.
Long orange fingers, reaching out,
Grasping at the air,
Stretching-yearning-clutching-
Striking out in all directions,
Trying to escape from their binding wooden bodies,
Exhausted, they retreat into
The heap of coals,
Sobbing at their ineffectiveness.
The coals glow, unsteadily,
Too timid and afraid
To let themselves glow completely,
Or die.
So the light wavers,
Contracts, expands, dies down.
The blistering red coals
Turn to hot white ashes,
Then to cool black dust.



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SPRING THAW

The water
Rushes madly downstream
Pushing and shoving the stones.
It snaps at the rocks
And fights
With those that get in its way.
Having beaten the stubborn rocks
Into submission,
The water dashes furiously on,
Throwing itself angrily
Over its banks,
In a vain effort
To escape
From its tedious path.



VILLAGE GREEN

Out under the round prussian blue bowl of sky we sat, cross-
legged, eager, necks out, heads up, noses straight, eyes reflected
the white spots of light coming through.

Round and tiny was the Village Green, -
and to the band's

clamoring,
clicking,
strumming,
rumbling,

We sang strong, a rushing round sound-

"I'm with you and you're with me".

All together, we were.

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NEW MILFORD

New Milford is white and straight and even and with close cropped lawns. It has a grey and black and brown railroad station and a clean red brick post office and a long narrow soda store with booths and juke box and marble fountain top. It has a saddle store with a noble brown stallion standing guard and a dark, hot bar and grill. It has a tall Odd Fellows Hall up a high flight of wide grey steps, it has a hard, stiff Bank and Trust Company and it has a Village Green. The Village Green is the center, the place of greatest civic pride, the symbol, the showplace of the community. Green and flat and even and flowerless is the Village Green, with its tiny, round, white bandstand and its World War II TANK, the greatest symbol of victory, success, accomplishment.

New Milford people are straight as the corn stalks, brown as the soil, sturdy as are the old mansions. Their hair is straight and pulled back tight and neat and in place. Their dresses are ironed and mended to perfection. Their heads are high with pride for their town, its whiteness, evenness, its Village Green, and its TANK.

New Milford people are shocked by us. We come in droves wearing blue jeans and polos, affect a "devil-may-care" attitude towards them and their town, sit sacrilegiously upon the steps of their Odd Fellows' Hall, crowd their antiseptic drug stores, guzzle their sodas, and sometimes touch, and even climb upon their TANK! We shatter their complacency in a million different ways, and there is no doubt but that they will breathe a sigh of relief on August 31st.

There's a difference, always evident between New Yorkers and the Milford people. They are slow and precise and the Grant Wood kind- D.A.R. We are swift and helter-skelter and brighter reds and greens in contrast to the New Milfordian greys and navy blues. More careless are we-too quick for them. We are changing, gaining and shedding pieces of ourselves, while they remain always the same.

New Milford forever and always and on and on. White and straight and even, and with close-cropped green lawns.

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DAYDREAMS



I

Whenever I think life holds only
sorrow,
And all the world's engrossed in
selfish schemes,
I look ahead and face each new
tomorrow,
Through my own world of foolish
dreams.

II

For though I know there must be
a returning,
To every harsh reality of life,
I find that here I can forget
my yearning
And all the world's unhappiness
and strife.

III

Fond hopes fulfilled, my heart
has stopped its aching
But yet amidst my happiness
and mirth
There comes just one harsh sound
and with it breaking
The spell, dreams go, and I come
back to earth.

HOOTENANNY

The plaids and checks
of noise encircle me,
The dots and dashes
of song spread wide and thin,
The calico bits
of heat rush around and around,
The denim and stripes
leap and shriek,
Mouthes wide, we sing.

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NEW YORK AND THE NEW YEAR

This is New York:

Huge! Narrow! Deep-yawning! Solid yet hollow...with a heart not of gold but for gold! Magnificent in its stilted squalor.... a smoke....a fog....an atmosphere without a personality.... megalomania with a hangover!

A million people, a million houses, a million dimes in a million subway slots, a million lights which dimly light a million streets and fail to light a million alleys.

Every day a million born...a million die. All that's atmosphere. Like it?

Broadway:

Chief megalomaniac...the great white way, the great light way...New York's cancerous carotid. Drenched in the raucous glare of theatre marquees and the lambent glow of liquor.

Pushing, thronging, strident, harsh...standing room only! No time to think, just to push!

Broadway- a million dollar honky tonk, a psychomatic personality, a hell of a place; but viewed through misty eyes in a whiskey haze...it is beautiful, brazen, exciting, rhythmic, colorful, gorgeous. It is life itself.

On to the night clubs:

Three cheers for the Copa! Lousy drinks, lousy food, lousy show, brassy music, drunken atmosphere....that's what you're paying for. A hundred bucks a throw-but don't forget, the favors are free.

Then Times Square at midnight:

New York standing on its head...a million people all high, or well on their way. All yelling their heads off. Who knows, somebody might pick out your voice on the radio. Whee! Bang! Toot! Toot! Hurray!.... The children's hour!

Finally comes the aftermath-God:

"Daddy, look, here come those funny men again". God! "They can't walk straight. Lookie, they're in the subway car! They're tooting their little horns and marching up and down. Where're they goin' daddy? What makes 'em that way?" God!

Six o'clock in the morning:

A million night clubs close. The new year has been sung in to the tune of a million bucks. A million people vacillate homeward. A million aching heads hover uncertainly above millions of staggering feet.

The millions of lights die, and with them life dies also. A bit of boisterous laughter here and there, but now it seems out of place and soon it too, ceases.

And, the city's millions prepare to start the New Year with the million dollar hangover which is New York.

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THE RIVER

Down by the river where the
cat-tails grow
(Tall and straight by the
river)
And they bend and toss when the
breezes blow.
And the tall green grass waves
to and fro
Down by the side of the river.

Down by the river where the flat
rocks lie
(Hard and warm in the river)
And the sun glints down from
its hot yellow eye
And the water ripples when the
breezes sigh
Down in the sun by the river.

Down by the river where the
children play
(Laughing with joy by the river)
And the long green grass and
the breezes say
Nobody else could be so gay
Down by the side of the river.

ASSERTION

Haggard old man with all the wisdom of the world in his eyes.
And on his face the lines of suffering years.
Out of the way, you old Bastard, make room for the young ones
With heads held high and hearts of hope.

What is your contribution to society? A wife? Children?
A home? Out of the way, make room for those with something to
offer.

Can't move? Let us help, just one
shove.....

Bet you got a fat wad of money tucked away.

Damn old miser. Who have you got to answer for you?

Nobody.

Out of the way, you old man.
Make room for the new.

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SHADOWS

When the night is dark and the lamp is low
And the fire is burnt to the coals
And the wind comes shrieking and whistling by
And it sobs with the voice of lost souls.

'Tis then that the shadows begin to appear
Lurking and black on the wall
And the long bony fingers stretch and reach out
For something that's not there at all.

And the wind rises up to a banshee howl
The shadows grow longer still
And a fierce black cat with a high arched back
Is perched on the window sill.

But soon the howling wind will stop
The shadows will fade away
And the long black hands will reach no more
For then it will be day.

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Sleeping
Is a time when
Consciousness is renounced
And uncensored thoughts flow freely
Through the ether.

Patterns
Make up a life
A man who lives fully
Must cut his pattern liberally,
Leave room for growth,
Is it you who knows
When patterns are cut too close?
No one else seems to.

Rocks, pebbles, upon the road,
Round, square
With quick sharp edges, angles
Soft slow curves.
Gray and tan,
Tiny specks and dots
Tiny perfections,
lines, textures, grains, colors running within
Rocks and pebbles
Blending against and through and within
The tan dust.

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THE CLIMB

He paused awhile round the root
Then journeyed up to see
What joy and bliss, those richer
fruits,
Grew on the higher tree,

But when he reached the very top
To claim his prize sublime,
He went right on; he could
not stop,
But slipped and fell through
time.

A half a moon, a pie cut right through the middle. A white pie
up in the gray-blue (with a great deal of white squeezed into it,
directly out of the tube) sky.

Slanted green areas of hills, prickling with thin wiry lines
of grass rise and fall all about.

Beethoven's 4th Symphony, we hear. We all want it- "Beethoven"
we yell,

"BEETHOVEN"

We cry out from the ups and downs of greens,
We, the spots, yellow, blue, red upon
The green, break the music spell,
To yell, shriek,
"Beethoven"

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REALLY BUCK'S ROCK

by William Shakespeare

(Editing and sidelines by Muriel Gold)

Buck's Rock Spirit- "Let's go hand in hand, not one before another."

Much Ado About Nothing

First Impression- "Here is everything advantageous to life,
True; save means to live."

The Tempest

First Week Bewilderment- "My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
nor to one place."

Merchant of Venice

Farm Work- "O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength."

Merchant of Venice

Shop Production Story- "All his ancestors that come after him may."

Merry Wives of Windsor

Girls' House Existence- "What's mine is yours and what's yours is
mine."

Comedy of Errors

Rho's Pride and Joy- "I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Merchant of Venice

Buck's Rock Talk- "They have been at a great feast of languages, and
stolen the scraps."

Love's Labour's Lost

Phil's Cronies- "He doth nothing but talk of his horse."

Merchant of Venice

Modern Dance Group- "Fill all thy bones with aches."

The Tempest

Shop Production Committee- "This is very midsummer madness."

Twelfth Night

Chorus- Dear George, "for my voice, I have lost it with halloing
and singing of anthems."

Henry IV Part II

Mutiny, Our Cow- "A very gentle beast and of good conscience."

Merchant of Venice

Newspaper, The Weeder's Digest- "Devise, wit. Write, pen."

Love's La

Dining Room Scene- "I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

Midsummer Night's Dream

Drama- "All the world's a stage."

As You Like It

Last Campfire- "He is well-paid that is well-satisfied."

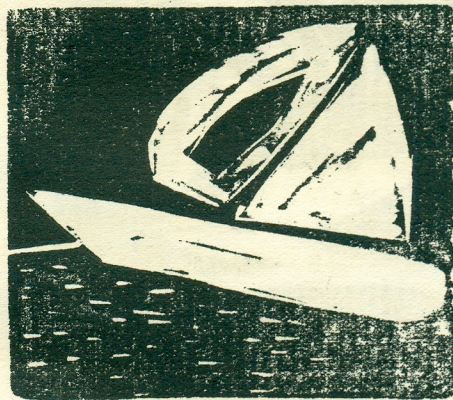
Merchant of Venice

On Going Home- "Have gained my experience."

As You Like It

And we both hope you have gained yours.

Will and Muriel











All the campers at Buck's Rock were responsible for the publication of this book. Those who worked in the fields, in the shops, acted in a radio play, or participated in any of the other camp activities have as much right to say, "This is our book!" as the production staff listed below.

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Sue Shapiro	Bob Brussel
Gerry Sutton	Gert Gerstel
Corinne Zucker	Linda Breitman
Laura Altrowitz	Louise Caspary
Danny Shapiro	Hank Wolfson
Margo Mink	Louie Roberts
Jill Cohn	Nina Doerfler
Lois Jaffin	Lita Schwartz
Miggs Fitelson	Susanne Buchman
Alan Morse	

